CHAPTER X.

THE FORAY LEAVES A RED TRAIL. The colonel strode first with his daughter, and behind Desmond sought the company of Barr, into whom sympathetic car he poured the tale of his swift wooling and his hopes the while be regarded his ladylove adoringly.

What Hilmar had to say to her father seemed difficult of explanation, judging by the blushes and pauses that stemmed the conversation. The was not slow, however, to gather the drift of her remarks, and, though he sighed once or twice, it was a pair of smiling eyes that looked from beneath the shaggy brows at his daughter.

"It can be nothing but joy for me, aweetheart," he said simply, "to know that you ha e the love of an honest man, and that I can but be assured Desmond is. That he is a brave one he has amply shown tonight. Truly is it said that n- hing succeeds like impu-Who but an Englishman would have single banded assaulted a fortress like Skelligen and won a way! out for un? For that feat alone I should be proud to call him son-in-

Hilmar looked up at her father with grateful an adoring eyes. "I know one man," she answered softly, "who would have attempted that, and more, for his daughter's sake. What wonder if I have given over my heart to one who most resembles him of any man I have met. But you don't think, father, that I have been a little-a lit-

"A little boquette? Certainly, my own, and not for the first time either." "No, you very silly old dad. A little

-unmaidenly. You see, I have known Mr. Desmond only a little more than a fortnight."

The colonel laughed and patted the golden head that reached to his shoul-

"It's quick work for northern climes. You should have been a Neapolitan, sweathcart. But the future is very spacious before you. You will have ample thee and opportunity to forget all about Desmond yet."

"Papa! As if I should ever think of anybody else now! Why, he's kissed

The colonel took off his hat to her gravely. "That, of course, is conclusive," he admitted. "It is impossible



"I was only waiting till we got aboard"-began Desmond.

to imagine that Desmond has ever made trial of a similar incident. Did he show his-er-inexperience?" Hilmar made a little mone at her father as she turned away haughtily.

"If he has," said she decisively, "he's got to give the very fullest explanation, or" "Or what?" queried her father politely.

"Or I shall certainly give him back"-

"What!" eried the colonel. "You don't mean to say he's already produced a ring out of this desolation!"

"No. of course not, you ridiculous "May I inquire what it is you pro-

pose to return to him, then?"
"His-kiss," said Hill: ar in faint

and guilty tones, and the colonel's peals of laughter rang down the forest glades, while the blushes raced most becomingly across his daughter's face.

"Can't we share the joke, cotonel?" eniled Barr from behind. "It's early days for laughter yet. I haven't got the nightmare of imprisonment out of my benin yet. I don't think I shall till we're on blue water. I hope to goodness we find the yacht all right."

"If Stefan protuised to have the yacht ready for us." answered Precbesias dogmatically, "you may safely bet you'll find it so. He's slow, is Stefan, but most uncommon sure."

He drow back as he finished speaking and touched Desmond on the arm, leaving Barr and Hilmar to wall forward together.

"Hilmar has told me," he said, tooking the young man stendily in the eyes. "I was only waiting till we got aboard"- began Desmond, but the colonel interrupted. "My dear boy, I know, I know. There is no need for formal declarations between you and | to fice. me. I have seen more of you during these hat ten days than I could in an ordinary six manths. I believe you are a good man, Desmond, and I have seen you bear yourself as an English gentleman should when the shadow of denth lay very heavily above you. But you must forgive an old father when say that you have known my child only a very short time, and the nature of your foregatherings has been remantic indeed. Are you certain that

heart for her and not a passing admiratios for a pretty girl-1 think perhaps I may call her pretty," said the colonel in a judicious parenthesiscircumstances of intimacy and sympathy beyond the common?"

Desmond smiled a queer little smile. "I think you may take my assurance that I love her truly, sir. Last night I knew that I loved her enough to die for her-and you. Believe me, I was as happy in the thought as I now and In hoping to live for her."

There was a suspicious moisture in the old soldier's eyes. He turned stlently to his companion and held out his band, and the young man pressed it with a look that was more eloquent than many words. Then, as became men who live out their emotions and do not fritter them in idle talk, they returned to ordinary everyday topics. But Desmond's heart glowed within him, and upon his face was a glory.

They joined the other two, and as the dark of the pine woods began to lighten before them Hilmar and Desnend slipped unostentatiously behind. Shortly the bustle of departure would be in full awing. Romance bade thera linger a few minutes in the shadow of the forest where their love had had its awakening and which they could never hope to see again.

A few hundred yards ahead the others stepped out into the growing daws light and strode across the waste of bowlders between the woods and the shore. Above the rocks of the bay showed the masts of the yacht, the little R. Y. S. burgee still fluttering at the main. A sigh of relief went up from 30 British throats as they recognised the familiar emblem. They mounted the great stones beamingly and looked down upon their floating home. Beside the taffrail sat an old man, motionless and unresponsive to their gladsome shout. His hand feared upon the bulwarks. At his feet lay a broken pipe. His whole attituda betokened one tired to the limits of

They ran up to the boat that swung fdly from the stern, mounted to the deck and went toward him. Overcouse with the weariness of long vigil, old Stefan slept the sleep of the just, faithful to his post. They roused him, chapping him heartily upon the shoulder, and he stared at them drowelly. Then his eyes dwelt upon the colonel's face, and he bowed his head before him in proud humility.

"I have promised, and I have done," said he and led the way to the saloon. Ranged round the floor six sleeping Russians lay and snored their justiest, still deep in the influence of the laudanum with which the old man had dosed their vodki.

"The pigs!" quoth be. "Hear them gruns! Ah, the cunning little pigeons! They thought they had a prize. made pretense of hiding smuggled spirits for the Lapps, one of noble birth, taking care to be in sight of their watch. Ho, ho! How they laughed when they caught the poor old man! And within ten minutes they slept like the dead. Will the excellency throw them overboard? They are but soldiers, scum of Cossneka."

The excellency declined these drastie measures with thanks. However righteously they might appeal to a Finn. Englishmen could not bring themselves to murder sleeping focs. Stefan and Lars while the unconclous | path. were being lugged achore They freely expressed their disappointment and the opinion that vermin should be destroyed wherever mot.

The hard won spoil was taken aboard, and a boat set out for the sea opening, carrying a tow rope. The yacht's bow was set westward, and she glided slowly between the rocks and waited in deep water for the others on the sand, where the fate of the prisoners was still to be decided. Desmond and Hilmar were wandering toward the strand as they unwillingly left the forest of mingled sorrow and delight.

"I feel it my duty to shoot the dog," said the colonel, looking to where Paul Proobesias stood between two sallors. 'He's the relentless for of Polandaye, and Finland too."

We could hardly have him murdered in cold blood," urged Barr, "however much be deserves it."

"Murdered!" shouted the colonel. "If ever there was a righteous execution due, it is his. Do you know how many innocent lives call aloud for his

"That may be," answered Barr carnestly, "but we are not appointed his judges. Let be this time. The vengeance of God must overtake"-

A wild yell came from the yacht, and the men upon her decks gesticulated to them frautically. The returning boat shot from her sides and spun across the little lagoon toward them, impelled by desperate strokes. They lesped upon the bowlders that overslandowed them to see what this might mean.

Out of the forest awing a squadron of cavalry at the gallop, the man bending forward in their saddles, the sitt of the shore rising in a cloud beneath their horses' flying feet, the naked blades twinkling in their hands. At their head rode like a storm the licutement and roared them on to slaughter. Half way between the charging line and the shore Desmond and Hillings were wheeling round in hopeless desperation

A cry peoled from between the colonel's lips, a scream kin to the agony of the dam o'er whose young the eagle hovers, and, springing to the ground, her thed toward them. Two hundred yards were still to run, and the horses were but a furlong farther distant.

What hope was there? The clang of the iron boots and the jingle of the accounterments split the ailences of the shore. The rattle as a horse and rider rolled over among the it is love in very surety that fills your | loose, shotlike stones grated out hide-

onsly. The whistling, labored breathing of the bard ridder steeds was distinet above the roar of the charge. In fancy the fugitives felt the hot nostrils smoke upon them. With the furious despair that has no hope they fied. Another yell came from the yacht in Jones' stentorian voice. The thud and rumble as be ran the little carronade down from the bow to the stern made

a basa accompaniment. "Duck, sir. duck!" he bowled in the innatural falsetto of excitement. "Drop behind a bowlder while I riddle

Desmond flung his arm about the girl's waist and rolled with her to the ground at the foot of the bowlder that screened the ship from him. With heaving breast and bursting lungs the fugitives lay face to earth and waited seconds that reached into cons of apprehension. The grinding crash of the squadron drew down upon them with swiftness horrible. The bellow of the 6 sounder filled the air. The scream of the flying grapeshot sang over their heads. Behind them the shricks of men and the rasp of boof and sword on the stones made as inferne of devillab uprear.

They sprang to their feet and stumbled on toward the shore, with scarce a backward look. One fleeting glance gave them only an indistinct impression of the crimson flecked tangle out of which dismounted men were dragging themselves slowly. Still, without a word they met the colonel, and he linked his hands to theirs as they can.

The shore at last, where the boat's prow charged in to meet them as they reached the saud! Hilmar was aboard and the coment following. Desmond and the remaining sallors stood beside her in the water for the last shove.

The men who were closing rank a hundred yards away raised their carbines. A sheet of flame rolled from end to end of their line, and a volley beiched out at the group. In their pas-sion of hurry the Cossacks took note of no difference between friend and

Paul Preobesias threw up his hands and bounded forward with a mighty A red blot stared upon his forelenp. head. He fell forward upon his hands nor spoke again. To him had come the vengennes of God indeed.

A dozen of the prisoners rolled upon the sand, calling their comrades to stay their fire, One of the waiting boat's crew fell helplessly upon the thwart he stood bealde. Colouel Preobesins staggered, recovered and, pressing his hand above his hip, sank down upon his seat. The boat began to rush out from the shore.

Before the first rainrod was withdrawn from the reload she shot behind the protecting bull of the yacht, and the following volley smote harmless splinters past her stern. Nor did the answer dally. Again the langard of the carronade tightened in Jones' fist, and again her bronze mouth woke the echoes

As the smoke cleared and the yacht eaught the morping breeze and went smoothly out into the waste of glancing ripples ashore a hidoous sight was manifest in the face of the growing Piled, writhing and in agony, lay the soldiers of the caur and tossed and twined their torn limbs amid pools of blood. Of twoscore men not ten stood upon their feet in sound body when the echoes fell to slience. Verily, the This was explained with difficulty to foray left a crimson trail to mark its

> vas in the larger offing the yacht bounded forward and drew away from the beaped borrors of the shore. The gray of the stained uniforms mingled in the gray of the bowlders. A few spattering bullets frothed circles upon the sea about her, and a chance ball or two found her sides. As she unined way even these fell far behind her, and the figures on the shere grew indistingt. The fo.est showed as a green line above the sandy foreshore. Soon the land crept under the haze that hovered over the shallows. Forest and rock showed as one. The coast died into a shadowy retrospect across the widening belt of sea

> Down in the saloon they placed the colonel, and Barr was tusy about him with impassive attention. Boside him knelt his daughter and hid her face in the cushions that pillowed his head.
> Desirond, while faced and haggard
> with anxiety od at the sofa foot.
> With firm gentle hands the skilled
> surgeon bared the red bullet hole and

probed the depths of the cruel wound, Hilmar, raising her eyes, tried to read his verdict in his face. There was stillness unutperable in the little cabin. A puzzled look crossed Barr's face.

He withdrew the probe draggingly. A spann twitched across the wounded man's temple, but he made no sound. It was a tremblous hand, however, that he isld upon his daughter's golden head. Then he looked up at Barr

with a quick smile and nodded. "Yes," he said. "I had but a month or two anyway. Slevnita teld me when I was in Vienna last year. The growth would have killed me. why should I grieve the child before her time?"

Hilmor was storing at him with wondering, desperate eyes.

"Father!" she cried, "Father! What ts it? You knew, and you never told me! And I am to be alone! You will leave me!" And she throw herself upon the bedside walling.

"No, sweetheart, not alone. You will change a poor, wornant father for a brand new lover, who most of all men you have met resembles me. "I'ls a poor copy I've set," he went on whimsieally, "but circumstances make our lives what they are." And he patted her bowed head, with the smile cheer-

ful as ever on his white face. It was the fourth day when the end came, and then, with the northwestern gale behind them, they were racing past the Finland guil with every sall set and the foam daubling merrily from her bows. They bore him on deck at

his own request, and he smelled the east breeze hungrily and tooked out on the face of the waters. Up from the south and west a mighty fleet rode across the sens. The white ensign of her Britannic majesty's solps streamed haughtily in the gate. Charley Napter



"He would not have had us wait, meet-heart," said Desmond.

and his dogs of war were loose in the Baltic, and soon the roar of battle would resound before Cronstadt and Bomarsund.

Colonel Preobesias turned and faced toward the great ships exultingly, the light of triumph in his eyes. "The Hon at the bear's throat at last!" he called in a voice that was young and strong. "I have seen my desire upon my enemies. Nune dimittis, nune dimittis!" They ran and knelt beside him, but

tains of ranged canvas the great three deckers swept by. Still gasing, but aland the grim prows tack gulfward, struightening themselves upon the faroff guns of the car. He knew now that in very surety the blood of Poland no longer called from the ground unanswered. The tiren lids drooped, and a strange smile played about his mouth. In a reverie he dwelt upon his thoughts of a righteous vengeance, brimming his heart with a happiness

which was already scarcely of earth. As the flame of life, fed for one mo ment by this strong fuel of passion, leaped up to the glow of death his eyes opened once more and yearned upon his daughter. His thin hand sank upon hers and with it sought Desmond's waiting clasp.

"To have and to held," he whispered, and his smile was a benediction.

As the growing dimness veiled his eres they corned once more to where the sails of the warships gleamed on the eastern horizon. A single word faltered from his lips, "Poland," and with the name the colonel passed out from the memory of her wrongs.

"He would not have had us wait, veetheart," said Desmond as they watched the sun dip seaward with the glow of promised dawn. "He gave you to me. Come to me soon, my own!" She put her hand in his with a look that told of trust unuttered. "When you will. I have but you, my love, my

THE END.

A Soldierly Quality. Examiner-What is the chief quali-Scation for a soldier?

Frenchman-A thorough knowledge of penmanship.-Indianapelia Journal.

Court of Last Resort. "So you have decided to spend the summer in the country this year?" "No, sir; I have not. My wife has decided it." - Philadelphia North American.

No Trouble. "Did you have any trouble about

your vote while you were at home?"
"No, suh," gnawered Mr. Ernstus Pinkley. "I dida' have no trouble. jes' stood on my dignity. I picked out canordate, and when de 'spute stabled I said dat of doy wouldn' to me vote foh him I wouldn' vote foh no body."-Washington Star.

In the Year 2000.

It was a very different meal from Victorian brenkfast. The rude masse of bread needing to be carved and smeared over with naimal fat before they could be made palatable, the still recognizable fragments of recently killed naturals, bideously charred and hacked, the eggs torn ruthlessly from beneath some protesting hen-suc things as these, though they constitut ed the ordinary fare of Victorian times would have awakened only horror and disgust in the reduced minds of the people of those latter days.

Instead were mates and cakes of agreeable and variegated design, without any suggestion in color or form of the unfortunate autions from which their a theisnee and juices were derived. They appeared on little dishes stilling out upon a rall from a little box at one side of the table.

The surface of the table, to judge by touch and eye, would have appeared to a mineteenth century person to be covered with fine, while diamsk, but this was really an exhibited metallic and face and could be cleaned instant; after a meal. There were hundreds o such little tables in the bull, and a most of thom were other fatter day git tests, almyly or to preoups. And a Murea seriod himself before his ohgrat repost the invisible oreliestre terval, resummed and Block the air witvalue.-Palt Matt Males line.

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Eddy Camp Woodmen of the World. his eyes were for the first alone. They glowed upon it with an sectasy of tri-umph as towering over them in moun-

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Sure enough Haw had become a young man to all appearances again. He was innocent of the charge against him, and when released by the judge Haw told him the story of the little plant that had grown up in his cell and how he had eaten the leaves.

man.

The officials dug up the shrub and presented it to the emperor. His family for many years was the only one that had the privilege of eating the sacred leaves. But as time passed slips were cut from it and sent through the kingdom, and now the commonest coolle may cut of the wonderful Haw plant and renew his youth if he posseeses enough money,-San Francisco

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